

ORANGE:

A

POLITICAL RHAPSODY.

CANTO I.

By John Keble

ECCE ITERUM !!



DUBLIN:

1798

IRISH 1798 COLLECTION

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

FINDING some passages of this rhapsody rather obscure, and being unable to discover the author, I had recourse to the aid of some literary friends, who have enabled me to explain them.

To these gentlemen I now return my thanks—in particular to the obliging P. R. who desires me to conceal his name; and to the young annotator, whose comments are distinguished by so remarkable a portion of hereditary acuteness

DUBLIN,
October 17th, 1797,



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O R A N G E, &c.

CANTO I.

P.

WHY am I silent?—Why in times like these,
 When Vice and Treason lord it as they please—
 When G————n every hour our ear assails,
 With his mad grandfire's Jacobitish tales,
 And, with forgotten slanders, seeks to draw
 Contempt upon the honours of Nassau—
 When *****, blasted black with every crime—
 The pimp, the cuckold, parasite, and mime,
 Without one claim to worth or honour, tries
 A patriot on the vulgar voice to rise—
 When public virtue is not found to soar
 Beyond such things as F—r, T—e, and H—e.
 When conquering William's long established fame
 Sinks into rivalry with Grattan's name.—

In

Line 4.] It is not to be supposed, as some have idly done, that this renowned orator had no grandfather. I remember him very well, a mad Jacobite parson, hanging upon the humours of Dean Swift, and feeding the spleen and weakness of that great genius.
 P. R.

Line 7. *****.] Who this means I am not able to guess; certainly no living character can deserve such attributes.—
 Editor.

Line 12.] F——r, T——e, H——e.] The first of these blanks is a real name, being intended to disguise a great man, who had a pretty

In vain old Boyne beheld his silver flood 15
 Stain'd with commingled streams of kindred blood,
 In vain did Aughrim's wild and barren plain,
 Tremble and groan beneath the heaps of slain—
 In vain did Limerick's now dismantled wall,
 See the last hopes of luckless Stuart fall— 20
 Vain were the glories of La Hogue, and vain
 The countless blessings of three Georges' reign—
 Since fell Democracy, of Gallic birth,
 Roams from her native den to plague the earth ;
 And brutal bigotry on Erin's shore, 25
 Hails her with savage yell, and kindred roar,
 Demands her aid, a fellow fiend to save,
 And snatch expiring Popery from the grave ;
 To join, with frantic zeal, the mutual cause,
 And tear down William's church, and William's
 laws. 30

F.

But why thus speak in allegoric trope ?
 Mean you that France is bringing in the Pope ?
 If so, speak out ! but oh ! forbear to raise
 The false alarms of Titus Oates's days.

P. No !

pretty smattering of oratory in the late Parliament. What *T*—
 means, I am equally ignorant of ; and as for the last, I am in-
 clined to guess that it should rhyme to *soar*.—*George Faulkner, jun.*

Lines 15, 17, 19, 21.] Boyne, Aughrim, Limerick, and La
 Hogue, are the names of rivers in which great victories by land
 and sea were obtained by king William, of glorious memory ; he
 having been killed on a sorrel horse on his way to Kenfington.
G. F. jun.

Line 22.] George I. II. III. of whose reigns a very impartial
 history hath been lately written with great virulence by Dr. Bel-
 sham, a presbyterian parson ; and to be had at the printer's hereof.
 —*Ditto.*

Line 25.] Erin was the old name of Ireland.—*Dr. Ledwich.*

Line 34.] Titus Oates was a jesuit, and turned clergyman for
 a reward, which he got by prosecuting Lord Stafford and other
 popish priests.—*G. F. jun.*

P.

No ! though my soul the bigot-race abhor, 35
 “ I only slay them in the trade of war.”
 Nor like the Puritan’s malignant race,
 Would I their lives with perjured bloodhounds chase;
 For Ruffel’s memory rouses all my hate,
 While I deplore the gentle Stafford’s fate ; 40
 And scorning Rome’s infallible pretence,
 Can mourn with Pelham an afflicted prince.

F.

Forbear, my friend, to tempt the dangerous theme ;
 Seek not, with puny strength, to check the stream.
 Let not your venturous rashness idly dare 45
 The midnight vengeance of the *Union Star*.
 And tho’ the raging Northern Star be set,
 Beware the fury of the Cork Gazette.
 Malignant Gilbert on your life will fowl ;
 And vulgar Cooney raise the murderous howl. 50
 Think

Line 36.] “ Tho’ in the trade of war I have slain men ;
 “ Yet do I hold it very stuff o’ the conscience
 “ To do no contrived murder.” *Shakespeare.*

Line 39.] Lord Ruffel, an ancestor of the present Duke of Bedford, who was beheaded for high treason with several others of that loyal family.—*G. F. jun.*

Line 40.] For the persecution of this innocent nobleman, see *Hume’s England*, vol. viii. p. 112.

Line 42.] See Sir Hercules Langrishe’s exultation upon the downfall of the Pope, as a temporal prince, and Mr. Pelham’s spirited rebuke.—*5th May, 1795.*

Line 46.] Will posterity believe, can our contemporaries believe, that a publication is on foot in the city of Dublin, periodically devoting to the knives of assassins a certain number of our fellow-subjects, obnoxious only for their loyalty ?—*Vide Proclamation.*

Line 47.] The Northern Star, during its existence, kept up in Ulster those commotions which ceased on its suppression.

Line 48.] The Cork Gazette is also expired.

Line 49, 50.] The Evening and Morning Post. The former is conducted by a madman, named Magee, contrary to law ; whose father-

Think how unlucky Swift had cause to rue,
 At least, as mad a Protestant as you ;
 Nor hope for help ; will cautious Faulkner dare,
 For one unknown, to wage the wordy war ?

P.

Alone, unaided, let me brave the field, 55
 Nor meanly, to superior numbers yield.
 Armed with an honest pride, and patriot soul,
 Who shall my heart's indignant rage controul ?
 Since no malicious spleen directs the dart,
 Nor aims, like Swift, to rend a female heart, 60
 Let the whole tribe their troop of scribblers rally,
 From plodding Hardy down to Mac Anally ;
 Let coxcomb Burroughs wield his fribble pen,
 And sulky Fletcher issue from his den ;
 Curran and Hoare, their kindred souls combine, 65
 And doubtful Sheridan their party join ;
 Tho' their discordant clamour rend the skies,
 A LOYAL PROTESTANT their rage defies.

F. Why

father-in-law, Mr. Gilbert, hath the trouble of doing all the mischief, and yet getteth none of the profits. The latter is very scurrilous, and hath been in the pillory.---G. F. jun.

Line 51.] This is my journal, and, I hope, conducted with that due decorum for which myself, father, and uncle, have been famous long before my birth, which took place on or about June, 1779.---*Ditto*.

Line 62.] Messrs. Hardy and Mac Anally, two counsellors and writers of speeches. Those composed by the former, are spoken by that celebrated orator, Mr. Grattan, who is an original genius. Those made by the latter, are spoken by himself and other *defenders*, on their trials for High Treason.---*Ditto*.

Line 63, et seq.] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Bolingbroke,	Mr. BURROUGHS,
Somers,	- FLETCHER,
Themistocles,	- HOARE,
Sarsfield,	- CURRAN,
Kimbolton Ipse,	} C. F. SHERIDAN.
Mute, &c. &c.	}

Mem.---None of these shall appear on my boards *Fred. Jones*.

F.

Why, this is madness! Protestant alone [70
 Would damn you quite;—but, to defend the throne,
 'Tis meer insanity.—Farewell! I'm sure
 You're either past, or else not worth a cure.

P.

Farewell! Good Heaven! and do I see the time
 When Loyalty is only not a crime!
 When the deep ORANGE, and the azure BLUE,
 Conceal their blended dyes from public view; 75
 When Nassau's memory, our great fathers boast,
 Lives only in an half forgotten toast?—
 But tho' degenerate Irish lost to shame,
 Should slight their great deliverer's sacred name, 80
 Shall they, whose fathers shed with him their blood,
 By Schomberg led o'er Boyne's disputed flood—
 Who followed Callimote at Glory's call—
 And saw their hated persecutors fall.
 Saw coward James the raging contest leave, 85
 While doubtful conquest struggled with the wave—
 Shall men, whose fathers filled that gallant band,
 And shared their proud reward—the conquered land.
 Shall they, without hot indignation, hear
 Their prince the butt of every coxcomb's sneer? 90
 Or, with a guilty indolence retire,
 And view sedition fan the rising fire?
 Shame on ye, Hugonots! Your generous fires
 Resisted popery even amidst her fires;

B

Tho'

[Lines 82 and 83.] Schomberg and Callimote, the Generals
 of the French Protestants on the 1st of July, 1690, when they
 encouraged their troops to victory by such expressions as these:

“A la gloire mes enfans—a la gloire.”

“Voilà vos persecuteurs.”

Leland.

[Line 93.] Hugonots, French Protestants so called, settled at
 Portarlington and other places by the revocation of the edict of
 Fontenay.—*G. F. jun.*

Tho' madly loyal, yet renounced their king,
 And all the joys their native land could bring,
 Firm to the pure religion they professed—
 Retaining that, they freely gave the rest,
 And shall their sons be meanly now supine,
 When the two glorious principles combine ? 100
 When the same hearts that would their faith defend,
 Find in their sovereign its approved friend.
 All are not timid : see yon generous band,
 Whose manly spirit yet may save the land.
 True to the principles they dare pursue,
 Still twine the ORANGE with the LOYAL BLUE ;
 And blend together, in one glorious cause,
 Their King, Religion, Liberty, and Laws.
 In vain shall Popery's malignant yell,
 In vain Democracy with voice of Hell, 110
 And venal orators—an hateful race—
 Arouse their curriish scribblers to the chase.
 Aloof, the coward pack may howl and cry,
 This patriot band shall all our rage defy ;
 And onward urging, with unvarying toil, 11
 Shall save or perish on their native soil.
 Nor these alone the glorious cause support,
 Tho' now abandoned by a cautious court.
 That court, whose timid policy descends
 To sooth it's enemies, and slight it's friends ;
 And seeking in a prudent mean to steer,
 Make dubious friends—but enemies sincere.

Manly and firm, tho' CAMDEN guide the state
 With honest pride, and conscious worth elate,

ill

[Line 103.] The Orange Lodges, which bid fair to soar,
 the glorious revolution principles of Religion and Government
 in spite of the united assaults of Messrs. Grattan, Byrnes, Kesh
 and Co —P. R.

Still must each bold resolve delay to cool, 125
 In the chill prudence of the PORTLAND school.
 Tho' Foster's sense combine with vigorous Clare,
 Treason to daunt, and fell sedition scare ;
 Yet popish L——e, or more popish B——
 With insincerity their force shall drown,
 And, by divided councils, weakly shew 130
 The State unable to contend with Keogh.

But see unshaken Duigenan boldly stand,
 And face with proud contempt the rebel band ;
 While his strong truth the prudent senate awes, 135
 And forces even from popery, applause.
 Unawed by dread, by interest unrestrained,
 He only seeks for fame by honour gained.
 And fixed in principles, in truth sincere,
 Stands unseduced by favour or by fear. 140

Tired and disgusted with the venal crew,
 Too soon our OGLE from his post withdrew ;
 His glowing heart with patriot zeal inspired,
 Too soon with honest indignation fired.
 He turned, contemptuous, from the paltry tribe,
 Whose soul is interest, and whose God a bribe !

B 2

And

Line 129.] L——e. This gentleman is an ingenious poet and baronet, being the author of Catholic Emancipation, and several copies of obscene verses. which he handeth about amongst the young ladies of his acquaintance.---G. F. jun.

B——e. This gentleman is not a defender, neither doth he live in the County of Kildare ; he is a privy counselor ; in parliament for the County of M——o---Ditto.

Line 132.] Doctor Duigenan insisteth that this is not rhyme, in as much as *shew* and *lough*, would not rhyme together ; which saith, he is the true and natural pronounciation of the word Keogh.---Ditto.

Line 142.] The Right Honourable George Ogle, who has, to the unspeakable loss of the Protestant cause, retired from Parliament. The County which he represented has, however, as an handsome tribute to his spirit, elected a Protestant Gentleman to succeed him.---P. R.

And too unmindful of his country's call,
Abandoned them and her to meet their fall.

On no one man depends our country's fate,
Tho' e'er so good, so noble, and so great. 150

Does not the chartered fortrefs of our Laws,
The proud metropolis sustain her cause ?

Do not her loyal Citizens oppose

At once their King's, and their religion's foes ?

Did not their justice spurn the base Ingrate, 155

Who both insulted and betrayed their state ?

Did they not drive the viper to his hole,

With his own venom to corrode his soul ?

Did they not drive him from the chearful light,

An hateful reptile, odious to the sight ? 160

So did old Tredagh send her faithless swain,

To seek for seats beyond the Western main.

So did his——Hold ! the dead demand repose.

There let him rest, forgot by friends and foes.

Tho' Charlemont fast dropping from the stage, 165

May trim or tremble, imbecile with age,

His former steadiness our praise demands,

When he restrained mad Ulster's furious bands.

When the sly Presbyter his weakness found, 170

And saw how vain his strength the church to wound,

With

[Line 152.] The metropolis has from the beginning opposed the late ill-advised innovations. Their representative took the first opportunity in his power to insult and betray them. He privately solicited a re-election, which not being likely to besal him, he, like the Fox in the fable, affected to despise the object which he could not hope to attain.---P. R.

[Line 161.] *Tredagh*. The ancient name of Drogheda.

" Oft on a car, Buvidus saw meride

" From Tredagh's towers along his verdant side.

Preston's Poems, vol. 1, p. 41.

Faithless swain.] The late J——F——s, esq.

With native craft, he fought a dear ally,
 Even in the hated-form of Popery.
 Long have they laboured with increasing hate
 Each of the other, both against the state ;
 Even yet they hope, from malice well combined, 175
 Their grand reward in anarchy to find,

To check this league did Charlemont stand forth,
 Great in his character of patriot worth,
 Treason appall'd, shrunk from his awful eye,
 And Faction saw her dearest prospects die, 180
 Until, alas ! th' expiring spark was blown
 Into fresh fury, by the breath of TONE.

Shade of Eliza, bending from the skies,
 Behold a popish seminary rise !
 Behold ! even those upon your bounty fed, 185
 By sordid fear, or sordid interest led,
 Worship the golden Idol of the day,
 And at his shrine their adoration pay ;
 And heedless of your glory, or their own,
 By popish aliens represent the Gown. 190

But why on Alma waste an angry thought ?
 Have not our clergy the infection caught ?
 Have not the dirty tricks of Party trade,
 Placed on the reverend bench a RENEGADE ?

Does

Line 177.] The answer of this venerable and patriotic noble-man to the Belfast address in 1784, delayed for nearly eight years the combined assault of papists and presbyterians on the established church and constitution.—P. R.

Line 190.] The College of Dublin, founded by that Protestant princess Elizabeth, returns two members to Parliament ; one of their own body, who is a firm and loyal Protestant, was lately rejected, and a person, not even educated therein, but who had the merit of having always supported, and even outran the wishes of Popery, was returned. *Quod testor indignans*—P. D.

Does not the Cumbrian priest in strains uncouth, 195
 Courting base popery, slight the cause of truth?
 And do they hope their foes to reconcile,
 By abject baseness and submission vile?
 Liffey, as soon his reflux waves shall turn
 Back to the hills, to seek their native urn— 200
 Sooner Blacquiere shall scorn to seek a job,
 Or Duigenan court applauses from a mob—
 Loftus as soon a sinking cause support—
 Or Tommy Burgh declaim against the court—
 Carhampton sooner fear th' assassin's knife— 205
 Or C^urr^an vindicate his injured wife—
 As soon shall * * * * dispense the laws—
 And free from passion fairly hear a cause—
 Forbear to whimper at a rebel's fate—
 Or crush a soldier with the law's whole weight— 210
 George become savage;—Downes a bribe receive—
 Or Chamberlaine refuse a short reprieve—
 Sooner Latouche at misery shall rejoice—
 Or Toler hate the sound of his own voice—
 Than Popery shall a Protestant forgive—
 Or suffer subject heretics to live.—

Oh! souls of Butler, Knipe, and Hamilton,
 Where is our pity for your sufferings gone?
 Where that proud feeling of indignant rage, [220
 Which endless war should on your murderers wage?
 It sinks and chills to cold and prudent fear,
 Politeness would not shock a murderer's ear,
 And

Line 213.] That most excellent woman Mrs. P. Latouche, whose charities, extensive as they are, are too limited for her benevolent heart.

Line 219.] It hath of late been much the practice with Protestant Clergymen to get themselves murdered, in order to obtain a provision for their wives and families. This, a very sensible person, a Roman Catholic, hath assured me, was the case with the above three gentlemen, the first of whom was a batchelor.—*G. F. jun*

And Policy, so gentle, condescends
To treat with murderers as our worthy friends.

But, tho' the MANY by Sedition led, 225
May turn and tear the hand that gives them bread.
Let not our indiscriminating hate,
Class the whole sect as hostile to the state ;
Where gentle blood, or learning's gentler power,
Have smiled auspicious on the natal hour, 230
Kenmare or Bellewe, bold in ancient pride,
May stem Sedition, in her wildest tide ;
Moylan or Troy, with Christian eloquence,
May soothe the madding multitude to sense ; [235
And tho' Back-lane should wield the threatening rod
Teach the wild herd to love their King and God.

No ! 'tis the rancour of a bigot mind,
With traitorous democracy combined,
Such as in Hufsey's *pastoral* is seen,
Offspring of malice, virulence and spleen ; 240
Such as the vulgar crew were glad to vent,
In their disloyal Back-lane Parliament.
Such as, while Treason last approached the Throne,
Dropped from the pen of Secretary TONE.

Such

Line 239.] Dr. Hufsey, Titular Bishop of Waterford, who hath lately written a very pretty *pastoral* in prose, entitled an Address to his Clergy, in which, amongst other things, he clearly proveth, that the Roman Catholic religion is fitter for a republic than a monarchy.—G. F. jun.

Line 244.] Mr. TONE, secretary to the Popish committee, and now *supposed* to be an exile in America. He was the original mover of sedition in Ireland, under the auspices of Napper Tandy. He was engaged in Jackson's treason, and the Popish affairs at the same time, and offered to carry information from this country to France, provided he were well paid for his trip to England with the Delegates. An unexampled lenity suffered him to escape Justice ; a lenity which there is too much reason to fear may yet prove to have been very mischievous to this kingdom.
P. R.

Such as in Francis-street was heard to flow 245
 From Byrne and Braughall, Levinge, Burke, and
 Keogh.

'Tis this excites mine anger—this my soul—
 Would lash from earth to hell—from pole to pole.
 Nor shall unmanly fear my soul dismay—
 No! let me drag the monsters into day; 250
 My much-loved brethren of their danger warn,
 And bigot treason hold to public scorn.

Why fear? in conscience rectitude secure,
 Unplaced, yet loyal—tho' not noble, pure.
 Tho' far from rich, of independent mind— 255
 And tho' not shrewd, not obstinately blind.
 Why should I fear? Their Union Star may rage,
 And with malignant guessings fill the page;
 Unknown to all; my name obscure shall rest,
 Locked in the secrets of my single breast. 260
 But, if my sacrifice could serve the cause,
 My King—religion, or my country's laws,
 The self-devoted Decii's frantic deed—
 The madman Curtius, or his madder steed,
 Behind me far in History's page should fall, 265
 And my prompt sacrifice outdo them all:
 Popish Sedition would I still defy,
 And as I live,—a Loyal ORANGE die.

END OF CANTO I.

ORANGE, &c.

CANTO II.

TIME was—nor far removed that happy time,
When Erin's muse could pour the sportive rhyme,
When Twiss or Manly raised the frequent smile,
Strutting in borrowed splendor round our isle ;
When

Orange.] I have been informed by the public, and my friends in general, that notwithstanding the precision, circumspection, accuracy and learning of my notes upon this poem, this being the second canto, which, according to the immortal Hudibras, is the second book---I have overlooked and forgotten to explain the signification of the title, which, as I am told, is the principal part of a work: My late uncle having been always remarkable as a writer of titles, which he did to Swift's works, Pope's Homer. Plutarch's lives, and other poets of the last age, in a style of superior learning and elegance, of which the above is a specimen. Orange is the name of a pleasant fruit which groweth in Spain, and is therefore called a China Orange, which are sold on Essex-bridge and the Coal-quay, to the great annoyance of foot-passengers, and others who ride along those streets, by the slipping of horses upon the skins or peels thereof—of which the Paving Board, Lord Mayor, Apple-women, Sheriffs and other Magistrates, ought to be particularly careful, as well as accidents which happen by the over-driving of bullocks and other enormities. Orange is also the name of a colour, a principality in France, and the Stadholder of Holland, who was formerly King William the III. of glorious and immortal memory.—*G. F. jun.*

Line 3.] Richard Twiss, Esq F. R. S. &c. &c. a notorious traveller into foreign parts, in particular Swadlinbar, Waterford, Spain, and the Obelisk in Stillorgan-park: He hath a very lively genius, having been several times kicked and tweaked by the nose, for his brilliant fallies in derogation of this country, while he was hospitably entertained therein. He declined travelling into Connaught and the barony of Forth, those provinces being

When at a coxcomb, proud in self-conceit, 5
 Satire could laugh, while wisdom did not hate :
 Then no dark politics—our day's disgrace,
 Mantled the brow or gloomed the furly face—
 Then social ease relaxed our cares to rest,
 Nor feared a dagger in each neighbour's breast : 10
 Thoughtless of harm the peaceful rustic slept,
 And women at old tales of murder wept.
 Oft as the sabbath closed the weekly toil,
 The cheerful village brightened with a smile,
 The ruddy damsel met her sun-burnt swain, 15
 To lead the dancers on the neighbouring plain—
 The scenes of Auburn rose confessed to view,
 And our sweet bard his glowing picture drew.

How changed the scene—distrust and scowling
 gloom,
 Flag with murk influence thro' the social room ;
 The joke, the pun, the sprightly song no more,
 Set all the thoughtless table in a roar—
 Affrighted Comus flies the madding scene,
 And leaves mankind to politics and spleen.
 No more the sportive muse of Murcia's plains, 25
 Inspires her Preston's wit and attic strains—

No

being remarkable for hospitality and other savage customs ; but was roughly handled, clawed and bitten, by one of those barbarians in a coffee-house in London. Mr. Twiss hath, however, outlived the ingratitude of his enemies, whom he had so grossly injured, and his resemblance placed in a certain utensil ; for which he went in the most public spirited manner to Paris, to see the execution of the late King, Louis XVI. with which, and a new species of thistle, he returned safe to his native country, to the great embellishment of the arts and sciences.

Marly, v. Preston's epistle.

Line 26.] Preston. This gentleman hath written several works and poems, which he hath most patriotically printed by subscrip-
 tion,

No more do Jephson's sneer or Courtney's jibe,
 Relax the muscles of the festive tribe—
 No more Fitzgerald's academic muse,
 Unbends from toil to brush the mountain dews. 30
 Even he whose talents sway the admiring bar,
 Or in the senate wield resistless war ;
 Whose daring muse to glory might aspire,
 Restrains her soaring flight and ardent fire—
 And anxious only gainful pleas to draw, 35
 Plods the dull round of politics and law.
 While classic Preston seeks a living tomb,
 The inglorious idol of a new club room—
 Listless of fame, or quite content to gain,
 The vapid incense of Jos Edkin's brain : 40
 While

tion, on the best Dutch paper and type, for the public benefit—the same being enriched with fundry engravings and other embellishments, which are of great service towards the understanding thereof.

Line 27.] Mr. Jephson hath written many humorous pieces, particularly the Count of Narbonne, Braganza, and other tragedies : He hath of late turned Plutarch's lives into verse, from the Greek, which he called Roman portraits, together with the history of Cleopatra—and is now engaged in writing a comedy upon the sad events which have happened in France—from which, the Lord, of his infinite mercy, preserve us.

Mr. Courtenay is also a descendant of the late Emperor of Constantinople, and author of many smart and biting sarcasms, parliamentary speeches and other poetic pieces.

Line 29.] Fitzgerald. The Rev. Gerald Fitzgerald, F. T. C. D. and D. D. author of the Academic Sportsman, a pastoral, in verse ; in which there is a poetical description of the Black Mountain, the River Dodder, and other artificial curiosities near Dublin—and a treatise on the Hebrew language, in support of the Revelations.

Line 31.] This gentleman, as I am told, means Counsellor Charles Buthe, M. P. for the borough of Callan, and pupil of Mr. Samuel Whyte, at the English Grammar School, No. 75, Grafton street.

Line 40.] Jos Edkin. Keeper of the Dublin Library Society, Boydell's Shakespear, Capt. Thomas Cunningham, and other curiosities.—This gentleman is an author of good reputation, having, with laudable industry and flagrant zeal, made a collection

While Alma's muse, through Learning's thorny
road,

Leads the meek champion of the christian God.

Even Courtney prostitutes a noble name,

In the rank stews of democratic shame;

And Jephson grown of sober dulness vain, 45

Plods in the drowsy biographic train.

No more are rural peace and comfort found,

But ruin, rage and riot stalk around;

The wakeful village scorning honest toil,

Sends forth the murderous band to nightly

spoil— 50

With Drennan's lies and maudlin whiskey warm,

To rob and slaughter, to procure reform.

Alike green youth and unresisting age,

Yield up their lives to their infuriate rage;

Not sacred robes their impious hands restrain, 55

And shrieking beauty pleads for life in vain.

With idiot apathy we hear their cries,

Hear their deep groans in sad succession rise;

Like

of poems, by Mr. Charles Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Dr. Gilbourne, Mr. Tickell, Mrs. Battiere and other celebrated geniuses.—The Captain is an ornament to his Majesty's navy, having lost several of his Majesty's cruisers with great credit, against Jack the Batchelor, the Town of Ruth, the Black Joke, and other notorious pirates—from which he has now retired upon his pension, and enjoys his *otium cum dignitate* (as my Lord Cloncurry saith) in an arm chair in said room, which he useth for the purpose of censuring his Majesty's person and government, with great spirit and loyalty, as he is in duty bound, having all his support from the bounty thereof.

Line 51.] A very loyal Doctor of Physic, he having been acquitted and turned out of court, for publishing a treasonable libel; in which, being a little man and of weak stature, he calleth upon the Volunteers to help him in overturning his Majesty's person and government.

Like the blood-boltered Banquo's train they come,
And stalk in grim procession to the tomb— 60
With wonder crazed, with fear and doubt perplexed,

We hardly rouse to ask—" Who falls the next ?"

'Tis fell democracy, whose furious hand
Stabs at the vital honour of our land,
Tears every infant virtue from the soil, 65
And fills our fields with turbulence and broil;
Bids man, unthinking of life's puny span,
Raise his mad arm to murder fellow man.

Alas! how short our little lease at best,
How soon the busiest sink to endless rest; 70
Even while we speak, while Satire pours her strain,
Who sees not life and life's enjoyments, vain?—
Sees not young Beresford in fortune's bloom,
Leave all his happiness to seek the tomb?
Prudent, yet bold, in all the fire of youth 75
The soul of honour, loyalty and truth.

Dear to an honoured father as his life,
The doating ^{and} husband of a lovely wife; *whoaring*
A beauteous offspring rising to his view,
His worth to learn and his fair course pursue. 80
Who does not grieve to see him rudely torn,
From his young honours won, but scarcely worn?

One

Line 69] The shortness of our lives hath employed the ablest divines, mathematicians, philosophers and notaries public.—My ever honoured uncle, who lived to a good old age, used often to deplore that accident; and it is accordingly engraved on his tombstone in the Cabbage-garden. The French Republic, considering this circumstance, very properly endeavoured to check the progress of this alarming evil, by a decree, that death is eternal sleep, which giveth universal satisfaction to the late Crossie Morgell, Lord Mountmorres, and others who expect to die a violent death.

One day to see him loyal, proud and brave,
 The next the tenant of an early grave :
 Even democrats bestow the unwilling tear, 85
 And Satire weeps o'er his untimely bier—

But ill with Satire suits th' elegiac strain,
 And worth, like his, alas ! is mourned in vain.
 No ! let me cry against the coming storm,
 Raised by rebellion's talisman Reform— 90
 With Satire's rod conduct the electric fire,
 And guide destruction to its native mire :
 To seek out treason in her dark retreat,
 While on the bolt detection rides with fate.

Oh ! blind to truth, by factious rage misled, 95
 Regardless of the dreadful path ye tread—
 Who fierce and turbulent are borne along,
 The loudest furies of the clamorous throng.
 Why join this drunken democratic rage ?
 Why on yourselves relentless warfare wage ? 100
 Why trample thus into the swinish mire,
 All that ambitious avarice can desire ?

Birth,

Line 90] Talisman. For the nature and use of this instrument see the Arabian Nights Entertainments, a book of much sound morality and magical knowledge—it is much used in the Court of Exchequer and other places, to signify a necromancer's wand—a brass-plate, with strange figures engraved thereon—together with a person who attends for the public good, to be sworn on juries, for which he receiveth the sum of one shilling sterling.

Line 99.] Democracy signifieth the Liberty mob and other rioters, for the cause of patriotism, which is usually intoxicated with whiskey and other unwholesome beverages, to the great detriment of the revenue and the Post-office in College-green, where several nefarious drunkards daily are assembled, to the annoyance of the Lord Mayor, the Parliament-house, King William on horseback, and other valuable members of society, in their perambulations through this city.

Line 101. The state of filth and nastiness in which the streets of Dublin remain, in spite of the observations of my Journal upon
 the

Birth, fortune, honour, influence to command,
And talents to sustain your native land.

There was a time when peevish spleen might
dare 105

To spurn a Viceroy or resign a chair,
Then, whether Pery ruled the wild debate,
Or the proud Ponsonbies controuled the state,
The nation smiled upon the paltry broil,
And thrave beneath their emulating toil. 110

But now, when Treason lifts her form on high,
Her feet in hell, her head amidst the sky—
When the same fury which assails your king,
Must on your heads the same destruction bring—
When the same tide that sweeps o'er all the
realm, 115

The coronet of Besborough must o'erwhelm.

C

Why

the Lighting Commissioners, is a matter of national reproach to all foreigners and other noblemen who visit the same: In particular, Father O'Leary used to remark in his facetious manner, that the Irish were like swine, who loved to roll themselves in the mire—with divers witty speeches and observations thereon.

Line 108.] The family of Ponsonby is very ancient, having been in good repute before the invention of ivory combs, as appeareth from their coat of arms, the same being three rack combs. This invention having been of great service to the people of this unhappy country, they being obliged to wear shirts and mantles dyed in saffron, to destroy said vermin—this family became of great rank and consequence accordingly, and did therefore strive to prevent his Excellency, Lord Viscount Townshend, to be Viceroy thereof, who is now made a Marquis, by resigning the office of Speaker of the House of Commons, in order to vex said nobleman; and failing therein, and being desirous to advance the public good, did retire from the administration, and enter into opposition, from which they have made divers ineffectual attempts to escape, proving that bad company leadeth men into ill accidents and misadventures.—The hopes of this family are the said Speaker, who is dead—the Right Hon. W. P.—Denis Bowes Daly and George Ponsonby, Esq. of which several facetious stories are told, in particular their wishing that they might leave this country as soon as it should be infested with their Roman Catholic brethren, and other odd and laughable relations.

Why will you Ponsonbies, your name degrade,
 The mean retailers of a party trade?
 Must you in mischief seek malignant joy,
 And, where you cannot rule, must you destroy? 120
 Or do you hope to shun the evil hour,
 And be the last whom faction shall devour?
 Vain, empty hope!—that popery shall forget
 To pay her foes the long recorded debt.
 Can she forget the wish which would debase 125
 To hopeless toil, her superstitious race?
 Can she forget the sad oppressive hour,
 Which saw ye rule with all but regal power?
 Can she forget the pride which spurned the land,
 In which a Papist could obtain command? 130
 Or is Democracy become so tame,
 To bend with reverence to an ancient name?
 Will she forgive, in humble gratitude,
 The inborn guiltiness of noble blood?
 (See wretched Orleans die unwept, unloved, 135
 The victim of the power himself had moved.)
 Think ye that hour their cherished hatred ends?
 In which your policy has made you friends?
 If so, rush on, pursue your wild career,
 And never stop until ye must despair. 140

While thus at random strays the adventurous
 muse,

And now a feather, now a shade pursues—
 High through the vast expanse of æther borne,
 A flaming brand from Discord's altar torn;
 By the mad hand of Mendax hurled on high, 145
 Glares with terrific omen thro' the sky:—

Avert,

Line 145.] This nobleman is one of the rich inhabitants of
 Ireland, who reside constantly abroad. My honoured uncle,
 George Faulkner, after whom I am baptized by the name of
 George,

Avert, good heaven, the parricidal fire,
And e'er they reach us bid the flames expire.

And is the fun of noble Hastings set,
And fail the honours of Plantagenet, 150
That thus a mean adventurers doubtful race,
Their line can fully and their fame deface?—
No! their proud shades this mountebank disclaim,
This poor pretender to their ancient name—
This shrivelled, stalking, parchment pedigree, 155
This barren, boastful genealogic tree—
This learned professor of the puffing art,
This very Packwood of his own desert—
This talking General, this vaunting Peer,
In words tremendous and in frown severe— 160
This state quack Doctor, whose eternal theme,
Like modest Brodum, is his own great name—
Whose first attention for his country's health,
Is to withdraw her too abundant wealth—
And when the burning fever rages high,
When most his skill is wanted --then to fly;

(D. 1001. 1. 1. 11.)

C 2

No!

George, used to observe—"That between the absentee landlords, and the resident nobility spending their estates before they came of age, in travels on the Continent, no manufacturer could get bread in this country, unless he were an attorney."

[Line 150.] There were several gentlemen of this name Kings and Queens of England, from the time of King Henry II. to that of Queen Elizabeth and King James, when the Stuarts came in, from whom the late Earl of Moira was lineally descended, in as much as his wife was great, great, great, great grand-daughter of a natural son of the Duke of Clarence, who was drowned in a butt of Malmsey Madeira—being fond of that liquor, which, next after claret, is in great esteem, and therefore desirable to be drowned therein, as a warning to all drunkards and other debauchees, who ruin themselves by drinking ale, whiskey and ardent spirits, distilled from the wholesome fruits of the earth, which being ground might be turned into barley bread, an excellent food for working people. This Duke of Clarence was brother of Edward the IV. King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. God save the King!

No! these proud shades reject the dire disgrace,
 And spurn his banner from their gallant race—
 While on the fields of sad Columbia's shore,
 Still red with undiscriminated gore, 170
 A thousand wailing ghosts his savage hand
 deplore:

All gracious heaven! from this unhappy land,
 Avert the influence of that savage hand.

If, than all others, any one be worse,
 Perverted talents are the greatest curse.
 See that pure wit, which virtue might adorn,
 By so depraved a wretch as ***** borne---
 See lettered Eunomus forsake the bar,
 To plot, in dark debate, domestic war---
 See half mankind the bonds of reason break, 180
 They all are orators, they all must speak;
 Learned and unlearned alike, the stammering
 fool,

The grave Archbishop, and the child at school,
 All loud, all dull, all eloquent by rule,
 'Tis to this passion of our doating age, 185

We owe the sweets of democratic rage.
 The grocer's boy in rhetoric retails,
 And trope and figure trim the butcher's scales;
 While words oft heard, but never understood,
 Sail proudly down the oratorial flood. 190

EMANCI-

Line 178.] This is a Greek noun, used to signify a barrister in the Four-courts of Areopagus, a city of Attica; and, according to this verse, quarrelleth with his servants, wife, &c. at home, to which he is much addicted—instead of minding his briefs in the King's Bench, Westminster Hall, the Tholsel Court, &c. &c.

EMANCIPATION—word of magic sound,
Swims with REFORM, in mystery profound;
Th' astonishing hearer, wrapt in wonder, stands,
And most admires, when least he understands.

When Parsons, of a little learning vain, 195
To Erin leads his Argonautic train,
And many a page of learned nonsense fills,
Their ship to drag o'er steep Sarmatian hills;
His harmless folly raises but a smile,
And kind good nature might applaud his toil 200
But when he professes most profoundly deep,
And o'er the senate waves the wand of sleep,
Himself to perfect apathy refined,
Freezing the ardour of each generous mind;
And while he draws in one continuous hum, 205
Who does not wish all Baronets were dumb?

In vain for food our orators would cry,
Did not the PRESS a daily fund supply—
Did not new grievances, and doubts, and fears,
With every post, assail their raptured ears— 210
Did

Line 191.] Emancipation is a Latin word, used by the ancient Romans, to signify the giving a discharge to a foot-man, butler, maid of all work, groom or other servant, which was done by a blow on the head, for the sake giving whereof an Act of Parliament hath been lately made, it being a public grievance and great trouble, that persons who were drunken, idle and saucy, were discharged with good characters, of which the legislature hath taken notice.

Line 192.] Reform—a French word, signifying the restoring of a thing to its true sense; and is therefore applied in all political debates, when it cannot be known what is the true sense thereof.

Line 195.] Sir Laurence Parsons, Bart. hath lately written a book, proving that the Argonauts and other circumnavigators, under the command of Jason, did navigate into Ireland, to obtain the golden fleece, the Giant's Causeway, St. Patrick's Purgatory, and other natural curiosities, wherewith said island abounds; and being fatigued rowing, did take the ship Argo upon their shoulders, over the hills of Transilvania, to the port of Riga, from whence
this

Did not incessant falsehood swell the page,
 With blood and slaughter, perfidy and rage ;
 An atheist lecture, or a simple plau,
 To rob and murder for the Rights of Man—
 With many a barbed fang and venom'd dart, 215
 To plunge and rankle in the guiltless heart.

Could worth or fortitude protect Clonmell,
 When on his head the shafts of slander fell ?
 Though scattared by a madman's hand they came, }
 Did they not settle with too certain aim, 220 }
 And to the centre shake his honest fame ?
 When Westmoreland, with too unthrifty hand,
 Diffused his Sovereign's favours thro' the land ;
 'Till his benifcence outran desire,
 And importunity began to tire— 225
 Did not fell popery and her bigot brood,
 With slander pay the debt of gratitude ?

Who can be safe, while slander thus can roam,
 And stab her victim in his peaceful home ?
 And while he shuns the rankling wound in vain, 230
 Smiles with malignant pleasure on his pain.
 Is there one vice or weakness which your mind
 Abhors the most, to which 'tis least inclined ?—
 That vice or weakness on your name is hurled,
 And brands your honour to a slanderous world. 235
 Does spotless birth support your honest pride ?
 Your mother in a brothel shall have died.
 Does conscious courage swell your ardent breast ?
 A thousand lies your cowardice attest.

Have

this country doth annually import large quantities of hemp, balk, deer's tongues, pitch, furs and other commodities, which would grow in this island under proper encouragement :—He is also heir apparent to the barony of Oxmantown, near the Blue Coat Hospital.

Have you drank deep of learning's sacred
spring? 240

The name of *dunce* in every ear shall ring
Thus Cooke is ignorant and raw from school,
And Cuffe a generous, unsuspecting fool—
An horfewhipped coward, Barrington appears,
And perjured Ogle loses both his ears— 245
Dishonesty assails Latouche's fame,
And insolence is joined with Enniskillen's name.

But at the shrine of **Faction** bend the knee,
Adore the fiend of hell—**Democracy** :
Obscene as Griffith, blasphemous as Dodd, 250
Renounce your Saviour and abjure your God.
In guilt impartial, friends and foes betray,
And let your vices blaze in open day ;
Then every Journal with your praise shall ring,
The Press your endless eulogies shall sing— 255
Your glorious name in every page shall stand,
The purest patriot of a suffering land—

And

Line 241.] A *dunce* is a blockhead, of which there be several kinds, in particular the late Mr. Pope handleth them with great severity, in his excellent poem called after them, *THE DUNCE*—in which several of the greatest wits of his time are accordingly reviled; under the type of diving into Fleet ditch, and other scandalous libels.

Line 250.] Amyas Griffith, an author, well known for his patriotism and crooked legs—also of several tracts written upon himself, with great taste and modesty—also Inspector General of Ulster, which he lost by employing the influence of corruption, in the cause of independence, as appeareth upon the glass windows of all the inns in Ireland—also Mrs. Leeson's Memoirs, written by herself, alias Peg Plunket, after her death, in which are introduced many diverting jokes upon said Griffith's legs, the christian religion, the holy state of matrimony, and other curious subjects.

Same line.] Dr. James Solas Dodd, a person of great learning, he never having been hanged at Tyburn, but his name-sake, Dr. William Dodd, for forgery, in 1775; he not having left a portrait of himself, Dr. J. S. Dodd very obligingly sat for his picture, in order to gratify and improve the public, for which purpose he hath lately translated the Pilgrim's Progress into blank verse, to the great advancement of religion and piety.

And should your crimes the sleeping laws provoke,
 You shall have speeches which you never spoke—
 Shall have this cordial comfort while you swing, 260
 That countless traitors from your blood shall
 spring—

Eternal elegies shall sing your name,
 Eternal affidavits shall enflame,
 Shall fix your sterling guilt and prove your well }
 earn'd fame.

Thus to inglorious industry resigned, 265
 Too paltry for his high aspiring mind,
 Might farmer Orr have run his humble race,
 And never changed, or wish to change his place—
 But strong persuasion flowed from Grattan's tongue,
 And Orr believed—grew indiscreet—and hung: 270
 Had not fierce Calvin steeled his stubborn soul,
 Had he acknowledged holy Rome's controul,
 Rome might have canonized his sacred name,
 And given a rival to St. Sheehy's fame.

Nor

Line 267.] William Orr, of Farranshane, County of Antrim, farmer, who, to the great astonishment of himself and the public, was found guilty and hanged, by a jury of said county, which was to be particularly lamented, in as much as heretofore an honest and independent humour had prevented them from convicting any person being a Defender or concerned in High Treason—well knowing that if they did so, their haggards would be consumed, their own throats cut, their houses set on fire, and their poultry put to an ignominious death—which said considerations should have justly prevented their finding Mr. Orr guilty of the crime he had committed, he being a man of a comely stature, considerable influence in the country, and six feet high in his stockings—of which a very extensive manufactory is carried on at Connemara, in the County of Clare, equally wholesome, soft and delightful as Spanish wool, or any other skins imported by the furriers.

Line 274.] Dr. Nicholas Sheehy, parish priest of Clogheen, a reputable Village in the County of Tipperary, in the diocese of Dr. Hufsey, titular Bishop of Waterford, who was hanged about the year of our Lord A. D. 1769, for obeying the first law of
 nature,

Nor is this all—but to your wondering eyes, 275
Your coward vices into virtues rise.

Has, like O——r's, your unshrinking back,
With patience borne an horsewhip's fierce attack?

D

Have

nature, self-defence, in the wilful murder of John Bridge, being suspected of intending to inform against the Whiteboys of said parish—for which said Sheehy was canonized by the Pope, and his bones are prayed unto accordingly, to the edification of devout persons, who are thereby excited unto a noble patriotism against informers, and a proper hatred of all governments.

Line 277.] An ingenious friend, also a General Officer, and a member of the Royal Irish Academy, hath favoured me with the following observations hereon:—

“ In my last work, which makes the four hundred and seventy-fifth volume of my writings upon Irish Indico-Phœnician Antiquities, I have proved decisively, that the Latin and Hindoo names for Ireland are exactly the same: The words *Suvarna dwip* in the latter, requiring very little flexion to render it into *Hibernia insula*, as is apparent by reflecting, that five letters in eleven syllables is no common degree of coincidence,

The word which is deficient in the verse above, is only to be discovered by the initial and final letters O*****r. O is a very usual prefixure of Irish surnames; the name is, therefore, necessarily Irish;—but what name, farther remains to be discovered—Zoroaster King of Bactria, was an Indian or Persian legislator of great renown (vid Orosium, Plinium, Justinum, Clementem in Itiner: & Antonin, tom 1, tit 2, cap. 12.); the letter Z is not to be found in the Irish alphabet: Taking it away, we have the word Oroaster perfectly suiting the initial and final letters in this instance; but here another consideration arises, that of metrical accuracy:—To be candid, Oroaster cannot be read in the line as it stands, and though the proverbial mildness of the Hindoos might well accord with the character here described, it would be difficult to reconcile this incongruity, had I not in my last journey to *Kilmacumshaught* discovered a most valuable and venerable tradition, by which Roderic O'Connor, King of Connaught is said, “ to have come to Ireland from the rising sun;” Obviously the East, *Oriens*:—now it is plain that the words Oroaster and Oconor begin and terminate with the same letters, it is only requisite to turn *Oro* into *Ocon*, and *aster* into *nor* and the names become exactly the same. Thus we see that the great Zoroaster the Magician, Wizard, Conjuror, Warlock, Sorcerer, and Soothsayer, was no other than Roderic O'Connor, King of Connaught ---It is remarkable too that the sect of Guebres or worshippers of fire, which he founded, is yet extant in

Have you, like him, obeyed your captive nose?
 To manly fortitude your meanness grows— 280
 Have you renounced the robes you would disgrace,

And stripped the fordid ulcers of your race?
 Unbounded praise shall fill your fated ear,
 And nature's nobles hail their brother peer—
 Even Democrats, thro' this distorted eye, 285
 Can wisdom in an idiot Duke descry—
 Or heedless of the book-learned critic's sneer,
 Can see a second Sappho in Battier,
 Devoting, to the sacred rights of *men*,
 A nauseous person and a ribald pen— 290
 While her pure sympathetic love adorns,
 With many a wreath obscene, her C*****'s horns.

There was a time when Innocence could dare,
 The wildest ravings of the Press to bear;
 Calm in a spotless heart, could cheerly smile, 295
 And hear a madman or a fool revile :
 Sure, when revolving years had rolled away,
 To see the falsehood stand exposed to day—
 The lie refuted, cleared her injured fame,
 As precious metals purify by flame. 300
 But in these times, when leagued with murder foul,
 Democracy and maniac slander prowl—

When

in the province of Connaught, inasmuch that the inhabitants are called *fire eaters*, from an idle supposition of the uninformed, that as they worship, so they must eat fire.

This is my favourite doctrine of an antient oriental connection finely supported, and an useful hint thrown out for future antiquarians.

I cannot take leave of my reader without mentioning that in my next work, I hope to prove with equal clearness that Porus, King of India, was a first cousin, if not half brother to *Eogain Ceansealach More*, King of Leinster and Prince of Breffany.

When greedy for the hapless victim's life,
 Malignant falsehood whets th' assassin's knife—
 Enjoys the victim writhing in his smart, 305
 And tears, with bloody fangs, his quivering heart—
 The wife may tremble, and the brave may fear,
 And even the honest dare not be sincere.

True! we have laws, but in these wayward times,
 To seek their shelter is the worst of crimes— 310
 Direct their thunder, lay one ruffian low,
 And at his heels a thousand ruffians grow
 Instructed mobs shall hoot and hiss by rote,
 And screaming slander strain a tenfold throat—
 Then vulgar obloquy shall hunt you down, 315
 And chase your name through all the envious town.
 Your hollow friends support the general league,
 And lukewarm prudence dreads you as the
 plague—

You walk in solitude the crowded street,
 And cautious wealth avoids you when you
 meet. 320

But, bounteous heaven, to our enraptured eyes,
 Bids better hopes and brighter prospects rise—
 The polar star in purest glory streams,
 The BLUE and ORANGE blended in his beams—
 From DERRY's sacred walls the ray divine, 325
 Directs our feet to freedom's holy shrine—
 Shews us the blood-bespotted course to shun,
 Where Gallia's comet her mad race has run;
 And while we tread in pure religion's road,
 Our King to honour, and to fear our God. 330
 Yes! the descendants of that gallant band,
 Who once did save—again shall save the land—

In

In vain sedition lifts the maniac cry,
 And recreant Whigs our liberties deny—
 ***** in vain, with patriot fury wild, 335
 May daunt a witness or confound a child—
 In vain Cethegus plot in dark debate,
 To screen a murder or destroy the state—
 In vain shall Gallia pour her desperate hordes,
 To rush infatuate on our Yeomen's swords. 340
 Since Loyalty from Derry's sacred walls,
 The patriot Protestants of Erin calls;
 Bids us remember gallant Murray's name,
 And emulate intrepid Walker's fame—
 Bids us, like them, defend our faith and laws, 345
 Or fall the martyrs of the glorious cause.

Line 334.] All the arguments of the WHIGS, on the 5th of May, 1795, went to prove that the Bill of Rights *is not, never was, and ought not to be* the law of Ireland.

“ *Heu quam mutati !* ”

“ How much unlike their patriot fires of old.”

P. R.

END OF CANTO II.

